

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN WORLD OF ART



Early Chinese Landscape.

In the exhibition of Tang, Sung and Yuan paintings in the Knoedler Galleries.

THE most concentratedly Manhattan of the inhabitants of this town are the readers of THE SUN. Consequently the issuance of eight views of New York, facsimiles of etchings by C. F. W. Mielatz, the well known artist, with today's SUN, the Christmas number, is made with every confidence in advance of their appreciation.

There was a huge response last year for THE SUN's reproductions of the etchings of modern New York by the young French artist Henri Deville, and a large part of that response was due to the feeling of patriotism that welled up in the bosoms of readers as they looked upon the prints, realized the picture in the scenes, and thought: "Why, if that young Frenchman can find picturesque viewpoints from which to see the skyscrapers the fault must be in the people who are not able to find such viewpoints and not in the skyscrapers themselves, which M. Deville sees so picturesquely and which, alas, are picturesquely."

Schopenhauer says that nothing exists save in the mind, and certainly the picturesque exists only for him who sees beauty. There are plenty of people alive to-day who in their fretful inability to admire our skyscrapers will look on Mr. Mielatz's etching of the "Jewel Mansion" or the steeple of St. Paul's or the windows and door of the "Toy Shop on the Boston Post Road" and sigh for the disappearance of such architectural standards from our lives, but such people are not true New Yorkers; such people if they could wish themselves back into the days of the Boston post road would feel themselves as unable to pick out the beauties that Mr. Mielatz's etchings preserve for us as they are now unable to see properly the skyscrapers.

Besides, most of the subjects of these etchings still exist for us. St. Paul's steeple is as beautiful as ever it was, if not more so. The Jewel Mansion has happily become public property, and of course the Harlem River is beautiful at any minute of the day or night to anybody. Mr. Mielatz is a contemporary observer, for some time, the telegraph poles and the network of overhead wires in his "Hit of Baxter Street" are mute evidence of one institution he witnessed that has distinctly passed, and that without regret.

Mr. Mielatz has not been going about with a guide book in his hand and has not been especially literary in his choice of subjects. His search has simply been for the picturesque. No historical personage that we know lived in Edgar street, a glimpse of which is seen in one of the pleasantest of these prints, but apparently there is a chance for some present-day genius to become historical by going there to live and writing up the lives of the mysterious Syrians who reside there. "The Book-eries" is another picturesque motif, a group of shanties that gunmen wouldn't dare to live in, for it would be obviously just the sort of place the police would go for first in eventful times. It's a first class theme for an etching, however.

There is a marked revival of interest in the art of etching in America, and there are recruits every day to the ranks of American etchers. The various groups and societies of etchers are rapidly advancing in importance, helped by increasing public patronage. So widespread an impulse in an art activity is sure to result in some great names for us.

Jerome Myers is the bright and shining star in the exhibition placed by the Gemeinschaft fur Kultur in the Municipal Gallery on Irving place, and Eugene Higgins, in conjunction with him, is some sort of wild portentious comet. We don't pretend to understand what this comet means, but we wish to warn comfortable, well fed, far-eyed people not to look at his pictures on cold nights, or he will make them feel they are in the wrong. On the other hand, if all those people who expect art in the churches just water that they wanted bread hear of the sort of picture that Mr. Higgins paints they will wake up to a new interest in art.

But don't be alarmed at the word "Kultur." This Gemeinschaft, which is

three years old, aims "to help as much as possible those talented artists, poets, musicians, etc., who are not yet known. Art and the people belong together. We therefore welcome all who can strive and long for contact with the higher values of life—the plain workman and the workingwoman who have the right understanding for our aims, as well as the men and women of professional education." So much for the Gemeinschaft, and that it is practical may be seen in that it leaves out the word "plain" before workingwoman. For the exhibitions which give a chance to unknown artists well known artists are also invited, so that the quality of the show may not be too uncertain. In that manner Jerome Myers sent a half dozen of his recent paintings to the Gemeinschaft fur Kultur.

One of them, "The Spring Sale," is of the first Jerome Myers quality. This artist, while invariably interesting and sincere, is nevertheless too sensitively organized to command all of his improvisations into orderly successes. Improvisation is a good name for much of his work, and why any piece of it has its interest for artists. The "Spring Sale" is improvised too, but is very complete.

It takes its subject from the East side streets, without any great insistence upon the exact locality. There is a jumble of pictures and not too great a rush of color to confuse the picture. The merchants converse and there is an indefinable sense of defeat and doom in the atmosphere. The two little children wedged in between the carts ripple with life, but have their pathos too. The picture will pass as a good picture anywhere in the world and in any company of good pictures.

The decor is worthy of the dramatic persons. The old houses are put in with some fine browns, the browns of the fiddle that went into disgrace when Gainsborough outraged us all with his "Blue Boy," but which begin to look as novel and tempting to us now as blue did to Garrick and Boswell. But we never could have stood the "Spring Sale," however. The touch is far too nervous for him. Daumier and Gavarni would have worried him too for the same reason.

The most remarkable of Eugene Higgins's remarkable pictures is "The New Colony," born of recent mental experience on the part of the artist no doubt. The limp victims crucified upon the crosses are in evening dress, and there is a stack of bayonets piled against the front cannon and over them a female scatters gold from a cornucopia, whether typifying the cost of war or the profits of peace, we cannot say. But red war is in the air. Across the river a town in the distance looks astonishingly like little old New York is burning furiously, and along the desolate shore where Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, used to be a procession chants a hymn to victory, a red flag at the head.

Now if any one thinks this picture is weak he had better undeceive himself. It has enough artistic merit to block the street with gazers could it be shown in a window on the boulevards of Paris, and it would create a scandal of the first magnitude could it be by any miraculous chance have got into the fall Academy. In other words, it speaks. It doesn't speak with my accent, nor with yours, dear reader, but it speaks, and it will find those to listen. Laugh at the lurid streaks, O ye far coated ones, but rejoice in an artist who paints passionately.

The exhibition is upon the whole much the best that the Municipal Gallery has yet housed. There is a general air of aspiration everywhere, and in many cases the better word "promise" is deserved. Theresa Bernstein's groups of workmen show ability. Alexander Altenberg's landscapes are in good color, and Emil Holzhauser is going to be a post-impressionist if he doesn't wait out. Nathan Dolinsky sends two small landscapes of great charm and some figure pieces that are marked by the self-consciousness of the painter. Samuel Weiss, Edward Kramer and Jane Peterson are well known artists already and are here represented with excellent work.

We approve on principle of the annual thumb box shows that appear each year in the month of December, and after a visit to that now hanging in

the galleries of Louis Katz we can approve of it, in particular. The thumb box sketch, we have to explain about this time every year to such of our readers as are not artists, takes its name from the small thumb box for colors, and was originally painted inside the lid of the box in default of canvases, but is now painted upon the small mounted canvases that fit into these boxes.

As far as the public is concerned it is a show of small pictures, some being mere memoranda of colors seen, others being finished up to any degree that you can stand. In the five hundred examples any taste, it would appear, can find something to fasten upon. The reason why this and similar thumb box shows should prosper are twofold—the artist sells a painting and the public acquires one. A state of art patronage is brought about that benefits both parties.

The patronage, though modest, is genuine, which is important. Up in sincere art patronage the art culture of a nation is founded. There is reason to fear that the people in this country who buy pictures because they like them are few. The tendency is more and more to seek professional advice. People buy pictures because they have been told they are sure to rise in value later on because Queen Mary bought one just like it, or for any reason except that they liked it.

Professional advice is capital if you wish to go into the business of picture buying, but it is a poor way to learn to think to pay some one else to think

the limitation of a medium is in fact always the first step in the way toward mastery of it.

His "Interior of St. Paul's" and his "King's College Chapel, Cambridge," are excellent. The color isn't teased into an effort to resemble oil painting, and in spite of the simplicity much realism is achieved. The "Railway Station, St. Pancras," is another good plate. The crowds nervously pushing for the trains must have been seen last summer. It suggests the famous rush of the tourists admirably.

His "Maison Mystere" scarcely explains itself. The fact is there are two mysterious houses in the picture and they are rather decent houses, the kind we used to have up and down Fifth avenue before the clothing dealers and candy shops took possession, the only thing mysterious being the fact that night has come. The gentleman starting to run, on the sidewalk knows no count. Probably Mr. Verpillieux doesn't more about this house than he tells us.

In all of Frederick Marriott's color etchings there are good architectural bits, but in his "Archway at Moret" and "Palace by Night" he excels himself. Among Miss de Cordoba's new plates is a dry point "L'Enfant aux Halles" in which the grape tastes very good to the little girl. She is absorbingly, lingeringly interested in it. G. Woodliff's "Rheine" is probably one of those English pupils of Legros. At least, the "Florentine Girl" by this artist has a sort of cousinship to the work of Au-

include a "Mother and Son," the small boy in which painting is a portrait of the donor; a portrait of the artist's wife, and a painting of a landscape, the first painting of Queen Victoria after her coronation.

Thomas Sully's life is recounted in Dunlap's "History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States." It seems that he was born in England in 1783, the son of Matthew and Sarah Chester Sully, both actors, who came to this country with their children in 1792, settling in Charleston, S. C. Thomas Sully, after leaving school was apprenticed to his brother-in-law, M. Belzons, to learn the art of miniature painting, but afterward joined his brother Lawrence, who was also a miniature painter, in Richmond, Va.

Lawrence Sully died in 1802, leaving his widow and four young daughters to the care of her artist, Thomas Sully. Later Thomas Sully married his brother's widow, who was thirteen years his senior and a remarkably beautiful woman. This beauty apparently was the kind that was founded upon character, for it remained with her throughout her life, and may be gauged by the portrait of her now in the museum, which was painted at the age of 62.

Soon after the marriage Sully moved to New York and after various changes finally settled in Philadelphia in 1808, at that time the capital of the United States, and gave his time exclusively to

vignetted on the bare canvas, being the only part of the picture that is finished. In addition to the picture etchings and necklaces, careful studies of other of the royal ornaments have been made in the corner of the painting. Sully made six finished portraits of the Queen from this sketch. One of them hangs in the famous Wallace Collection in London and another belongs to the St. George's Historical Society of Philadelphia.

Little by little art discussions and items concerning the artists are creeping into the Parisian journals again. This is from the most recent *Figaro*:

"All modern architecture has not the admiration of the Academie des Beaux Arts and it is only necessary to look at certain new palaces and great houses to comprehend that. This society then is to award next year a prize of 3,700 francs, created by Duc, an architect, for the encouragement of high study in architecture."

"It is said in the articles of the foundation that the style of our architecture has no longer the national unity that characterized it in past epochs and it is menaced with the danger of occupying an inferior rank in the history of our art." That is hard.

"It says further that the aim of the foundation is not to increase those exercises put forth every day in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, where ingenious and brilliant compositions are based on programmes often complex." That is right.

"It says finally that the competitors, free as to the choice of their compositions, must, in making a just application of architecture to our manners and customs, seek the beauty, rich or simple, of the elements of architecture and present plans recalling the diverse qualities that at the finest epochs of art have conquered universal admiration." That is perfect. Well await the result.

From *La Liberte* this: "The Institute of France, which today possesses an immense fortune and distributes its revenues liberally, nevertheless copies sometimes the manner of a dowager of the Faubourg Saint Germain and goes in too heavily for economy. Yesterday at the annual meeting of the Academie des Beaux Arts, every one froze, literally. The ladies wrapped themselves in their furs, the academicians in their overcoats, and the coughs were alternating continually with the speeches."

"The painters and musicians when they attempt writing succeed quite agreeably. One knows the literary ability of Albert Bernard and M. Saint-Saens. One knows too of Dagnan-Bouveret's talent. His discourse had such success that people are beginning to regret that he has ever painted. And as for M. Charles Wilder, his cause was delicious. Some of the most celebrated talkers of the academy could not have equaled his ease, wit and appropriateness. He was greatly applauded."

These few phrases from the discourse of M. Dagnan-Bouveret in eulogy of the late architect, Vaudremer are taken from *Le Temps*:

"If ever character was at the height of an artist's talent, it was in the case of Vaudremer, that modest architect whose funeral ceremony was celebrated almost inconspicuously in the picturesque little cemetery of Auteuil. During all of his life he had refused the honors which his colleagues had wished to confer upon him."

"His strongly classical education under Blotet and Gilbert was completed by a four years stay in the Villa Medici in Rome and carried always the imprint of correct and chastened sentiment. All the details of his work, most free or frankly audacious, for he was an innovator, are dominated by the wish to transmute always the construction without subtleties and to bring out of the materials he used the decorative elements."

"The city of Paris gave him the task of making the restorations for St. Germain-Auxerrois, which he discharged scrupulously, but it was especially in such edifices as St. Pierre de Montrouge and Notre Dame d'Annunzi that he put a spirit that the ignorant as well as the refined recognize as being most nobly religious."

"His tombs, his monuments commemorative of the war of 1870, his residences, particularly the modest little habitation that he constructed at the age of 24 on the banks of the river at Antibes for his family and where he went back finally to die, all these works, great and small, attest to the last detail his profound personality."

There is to be a private view to-night at the Gaiety Club of paintings by Arthur B. Davies. At 8:30 o'clock there will be an informal address by Mary Shaw, the president of the club, and a paper by Paul Dougherty, N. A., on "Tendances in Modern Art." Mrs. Lillian Schmidt and Mrs. Helen G. Marsh have been the committee in charge.

Some charming original drawings signed by very great names are to be seen in the exhibition now on in the gallery of James F. Drake, the bookseller. Three are by Aubrey Beardsley, one is a drawing for the "Hon. Maitre" of Samuel Foote, showing a Spanish girl about to dance; the second is reproduced in St. Thomas Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur," and the third is an unfinished design for a book cover, with Beardsley's curious, wayward genius in every line of it.

Thackeray is another genius who never lost an opportunity with the pen, either when drawing or writing with it, so his five little water colors are lively and interesting. It will be understood. The great John Leech is represented, so are George Cruikshank, George H. Boughton, Jack B. Yeats, Hugh Thompson, Arthur Rackham and Kate Greenaway. One of the George B. Boughton pictures shows Rip Van Winkle returning home in latters and confronted by a hostile dog instead of the affectionate Schneider. It is painted with great cleverness.

In 1905 the New York Public Library's prints division held an important exhibition of the works of Felix Bracquemond. His death, on October 27, after a useful life of eighty-one years, has now occasioned one of the memorial exhibitions so often seen in the library's galleries. While smaller than the former show it is fully representative; besides, the important S. P. Avery collection, from which it is drawn, comprises about 800 pieces by Bracquemond, and can be seen by the interested student who wishes to go beyond what is shown him in the exhibition.

The latter includes etchings, dry point aquatints, lithographs, photo-gravures, retouched with etching, and



Mother and Son, by Thomas Sully.

Bequeathed to Metropolitan Museum of Art by the artist's grandson, Francis Thomas Sully Darley.

for you. If ten years from now you find that you have outgrown your thumb box sketch your loss will not have been tragic. Strictly speaking, it will not be lost, for the fact that you have passed on to higher levels proves that your thumb box sketch has taught you something.

Then too there is strong reason to suspect that the small sketch and the small picture is the best thing the American artist does at the present time. One would have to dive too deeply into psychology to prove this assertion, or to explain it when proved, and letting it go merely as a suspicion, it may be added that some who are examining this question hold that the practice of competing for public prizes, where the artist thinks not so much of expressing himself as of following the rules, has a great deal to do with it.

In the present exhibition there is something in every school except the very latest, the cubist. There are academical and unacademical pictures and sketches that are elaborately detailed and others that have no details at all. Frank T. Hutchins gets charming color into his pictures of Etapes, France, Leon Kron is as vigorous as usual in his small marines, Mary Tannehill's landscapes are decorative, Mrs. E. Lamper Cooper has been studying charming architectural themes in South Carolina, Josephine Paddock, Jonas Lee and Hayley Lever increase their cleverness within these small limits, and Walter Farndon, who has painted the public fountain in Flushing, L. I., puts some of the inhabitants in the foreground, their physical charms being sufficiently insisted upon that is, they are not insisted on at all, but it's a nice picture.

There are many attractive plates in this year's exhibition of the Society of Graver-Printers, now on in the galleries of Gould & Co., but those of F. Verpillieux, Frederick Marriott and G. Woodliff stand out on the walls conspicuously.

Mr. Verpillieux is said to be English, and certainly he has found his subjects in England; but his technical prowess in the difficult art of printing in color from wooden blocks suggests that he derived a Latin surcease of workmanship, as well as his name, from France. More than any of the other artists in the society he consults the limitation that is imposed by the process, and less than any of the others is he embarrassed by them. To recognize the

gustus John. Mrs. Shrimpton's two contributions are in the "Giles Method," with five plates. They are astonishingly like water colors in effect. Theodore Roussel and Sidney Lee are two other names signed to agreeable prints.

ART NEWS AND COMMENT.

THE Metropolitan Museum has been enriched by a gift of five paintings by Thomas Sully, a request of the late Francis Thomas Sully Darley, a grandson of the painter. They



First portrait of Victoria as Queen, by Thomas Sully. Bequeathed to Metropolitan Museum of Art by F. T. S. Darley, Sully's grandson.

what not besides, for Bracquemond, like Buhot and Guerard, or our own Smith and Mielatz, was a technical experimenter and tried all manner of processes. His range was very wide, including original and reproductive etchings, book illustrations, book covers, cards, bindings, magazine covers and designs for potteries, furniture and textiles. He did many portraits, among which is the masterly one of Raymond de Goncourt, and several of Meryon, whose grave he also etched as a copper plate. He is chiefly known as an etcher of birds, particularly ducks, among which we find "The Canard," the famous of false news symbolized. The whole exhibit, which is displayed in the St. George's Gallery (Room 316), offers a comprehensive view of an interesting personality.

At the same time and in the same gallery, the prints division has placed on view a number of etchings by Peter Moran, who died on November 12. His work includes both representative and original etchings.

FREDERICK KEPPEL & CO.
EXHIBITION
OF ETCHINGS
AND DRAWINGS
BY
T. F. SIMON
DECEMBER 7TH
TO
JANUARY 2ND
4 EAST 39TH ST. NEW YORK

**ANCIENT
IRIDESCENT GLASS**
Persian Potteries
Egyptian and Greek
Antiquities
From the Collection of
AZEEZ KHAYAT
Now on Exhibition and to be sold
at Auction Dec. 17 and 18, 1914, at
**Silo's
Fifth Avenue Art Galleries**
546 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

**The Associated Women
Painters and Sculptors
of America**
Small Paintings
Especially Desirable
for Gifts
AT THE
Arlington Art Galleries
274 Madison Avenue
Between 28th and 30th Streets, N. Y.

Established 35 Years
E. J. La Place
6 West 28th Street
Between Fifth Avenue and Broadway
An unusual reduction on most attractive lines of
Antiques and Works of Art
including unique pieces of Fine Furniture of all periods, Bronze and Marble Statuary, Clocks, fine Old China and Porcelains, Old English Glass, rare Dutch and English Silver and choice pieces of Old Sheffield (many from prominent collections of Europe), Prints, Mirrors, Tapestries.

D. B. BUTLER & CO.
Exhibition of Mezzotints
By S. ARLENT EDWARDS
and Contemporary Engravers
Until December 15th
Madison Chambers
601 Madison Avenue (57th St.)

DANIEL GALLERY
GIFT PAINTINGS
\$10 TO \$100
2 WEST 47th ST.

**JAPANESE PRINTS
AND PAINTINGS**
At the lowest prices, suitable for Christmas gifts
HAMILTON EASTER FIELD
106 COLUMBIA HEIGHTS
BROOKLYN
Telephone 1095

The Art Page of The Sunday Sun closes at 3 P. M. Thursdays. Advertising rate per agate line, 15 cents. Art Notes appear in The Evening Sun Tuesdays and Fridays, closing at noon the day before. Advertising rate per agate line, 30 cents.